

I Sang A Song To Be Sung

The Junior Varsity

The last one that is out of this place
Is the last one that i won't forget
Now crawl from the gutter
And see what you can make of this one
Before you talk it out of proportion

Nothing lasts forever
Nothing will stay where it's at
Tell me why haven't you caught on yet

Trouble knives you in pairs of three
Come on won't you sing for me

And i can't stop digging this hole
And i won't begin to realize
That i'm just fine
Losing mind losing sleep
And me so prone to accident
I'm so prone

Watching tears fall on your shirt right before you called it back
Watching tears fall in the toilet please take this knife from my back